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AUTHORITY

THE COSMIC AVENGER!

QUASAR

GUEST-STARRING THE AQUARIAN!

QUANTUM RAIN!

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RYAN / BUCKINGHAM

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

QUASAR

FOUR FREEDOMS PLAZA, TWELFTH FLOOR, THE OFFICE SUITE OF THE NEWLY-ESTABLISHED VAUGHN SECURITY SYSTEMS...

I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO START GETTING UP *EARLIER* SO I CAN TAKE *MASS TRANSIT* TO WORK LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

A *GLOWING MAN* IS NOT GOING TO BE ABLE TO FLY IN AND OUT OF A PROMINENT MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDING FOR VERY LONG WITHOUT ATTRACTING *ATTENTION.*

QUANTUM THEORY MADE EASY

MARK GRUENWALD STORY • PAUL RYAN BREAKDOWNS • DANNY BULANADI FINISHES • JANICE CHIANG LETTERS • PAUL BECTON COLORS • HOWARD MACKIE EDITOR • TOM DeFALCO COUCH EDITS

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IF I'M SERIOUS ABOUT KEEPING THE WORLD FROM LINKING YOUNG BUSINESSMAN *WENDELL VAUGHN* WITH *QUASAR*, AVENGER AT LARGE, I'D BETTER START PAYING A LITTLE MORE *ATTENTION* TO SOME OF THE CONVENTIONS OF A *DUAL IDENTITY*.

NOT THAT THERE AREN'T A *DOZEN PEOPLE* WHO ARE *ALREADY* IN ON MY SECRET.

SURE HOPE A PAIR OF *SPECS* AND SLICKING BACK MY *HAIR* WILL BE ENOUGH OF A *DISGUISE*. I DON'T KNOW HOW GUYS LIKE *CAPTAIN AMERICA* CAN STAND TO WEAR A *MASK* ALL THE TIME.

SPEAKING OF *HAIR*, IS IT MY IMAGINATION OR IS IT STARTING TO LOOK A LITTLE *SPARSE* IN THE FRONT?

OH, MAN, DON'T TELL ME THAT MY RESPONSIBILITIES AS *PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE* ARE GOING TO MAKE MY *HAIR* START GOING.

"PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE" -- WHAT A *JOKE*. IN THE TWO MONTHS SINCE I GOT TAGGED WITH THAT *JOB TITLE*, I'VE DONE PRECIOUS *LITTLE* IN THE WAY OF UNIVERSE-PROTECTING.

A RUN-IN WITH A GIANT *EXTRATERRESTRIAL*, A HALF-ALIEN, HALF-HUMAN *COMMANDO*, A MUDSLINGING *EXTRADIMENSIONAL*, AND A COUPLE OF *GOOD GUYS* WHO MISTOOK MY INTENTIONS, AND THAT'S ABOUT IT. NOT A *UNIVERSE-CLASS THREAT* AMONG THEM.

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING.

LET ME CHECK IN WITH THE *COSMIC COUCH POTATO* WHO APPOINTED ME *P OF THE U* IN THE FIRST PLACE.

EON! HOW GOES?

I AM *FINE*, WENDELL VAUGHN. YOURSELF?

I WAS UP KINDA *LATE*. IT WAS MY *AVENGERS TRAINING* NIGHT. BUT I'LL BE AWAKE AFTER MY FIRST CUP OF *COFFEE*.

UNLESS AN *EMERGENCY* COMES UP, I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE AVENGERS OBLIGATIONS TILL SATURDAY. I'LL BE ABLE TO DEVOTE MY FREE TIME TO SEARCHING EARTH FOR THE *UNIVERSAL MENACE* YOU'VE FORESEEN.

YOU'RE SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THE NECESSITY OF ME HAVING TO MAKE A *LIVING*, DON'T YOU?

I'VE OBSERVED YOUR PEOPLE SUFFICIENTLY TO KNOW IT IS A *MAJOR PURSUIT*.

OH, THERE IS SOMEONE *WAITING* FOR YOU IN THE *OUTER CHAMBER*.

WHOA. SHE'S RIGHT *ON TIME*! CHECK YOU LATER!

MISS BALLANTINE? HI! COME IN.

MR. VAUGHN? THE GUARD TOLD ME HE DIDN'T SEE YOU *ARRIVE* THIS MORNING.

UH... YEAH. I GOT IN *EARLY*, BEFORE HIS SHIFT.

I'M REALLY GLAD YOU DECIDED TO ACCEPT THE *SECRETARY/RECEPTIONIST* JOB HERE AT V.S.S., MISS BALLANTINE--

PLEASE CALL ME *KAYLA*.

THIS IS THE, UH, *FRONT OFFICE* WHERE YOU'LL SIT...

AND THROUGH HERE IS THE *DESIGN DEPARTMENT*. AS YET, WE HAVE NO DESIGNERS ON STAFF.

AND HERE'S WHERE *I* WORK-- MY *EXECUTIVE OFFICE*, COMPLETE WITH EXECUTIVE BATHROOM THROUGH THERE.

ANY QUESTIONS?

WHAT'S *THAT* DOOR LEAD TO?

UH, *THAT*? OH, I'M NOT SURE. I *THINK* IT BELONGS TO...

"...THE *TENANTS* NEXT DOOR..."

...A *CLOSET* OR SOMETHING. I'M GOING TO HAVE IT SEALED AS SOON AS I CAN.

CAN'T HAVE A *SECURITY CONSULTANT FIRM* WITH SUCH AN OBVIOUS *SECURITY BREACH*, CAN WE?

GUESS NOT!

WELL, KAYLA... SINCE WE'VE BARELY EVEN HUNG UP OUR *SHINGLE* AND GET UP *SHOP*, WE WON'T BE GETTING TOO MUCH *BUSINESS* JUST YET.

WHY DON'T YOU MAKE A LIST OF WHAT *OFFICE SUPPLIES* YOU THINK YOU'LL NEED.

OKAY.

I'VE NEVER *HAD* A SECRETARY BEFORE SO I'M NOT SURE WHAT ELSE TO *TELL* YOU AT THIS POINT... UM, WE'LL JUST FIGURE IT OUT AS WE GO ALONG, OKAY?

MR. VAUGHN? I WANT YOU TO KNOW I REALLY *APPRECIATE* YOU HIRING ME AND ALL.

PEOPLE'VE TOLD ME I DRESS TOO MUCH LIKE A *FASHION VICTIM* TO CUT IT IN THE BUSINESS WORLD, AND WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A REALLY *HAPPENING GUY* TO NOT HOLD THAT *AGAINST* ME.

I *LIKE* HOW YOU DRESS.

EIGHT HOURS LATER...

WELL, IF YOU WON'T BE *NEEDING* ME FOR ANYTHING MORE, MR. VAUGHN, GUESS I'LL BE HEADING HOME TO *STATEN ISLAND*.

DON'T WORRY, KAYLA, THINGS WILL GET A LITTLE MORE *EXCITING* AROUND HERE ONCE WE DRUM UP A LITTLE *BUSINESS*.

OH, AND AFTER HOURS, YOU CAN CALL ME *WENDELL*, OKAY?

UH... OKAY.

WONDERING ABOUT THAT *PICTURE*?

THAT'S MY *MOTHER* AND MY YOUNGER *SISTER, GAYLE*. MOM'S A LIBRARIAN AND SIS IS IN *COLLEGE*. THEY BOTH LIVE IN *WISCONSIN*... NEAR WHERE I WAS BORN.

OH. THEY MUST BE PRETTY *PROUD* OF YOU RUNNING YOUR OWN BUSINESS IN NEW YORK CITY.

I GUESS SO.

G'NIGHT, UH, *WENDELL*!

GOOD NIGHT.

WONDER IF SHE WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT IF I HAD A *WIFE* OR *GIRLFRIEND* OR SOMETHING.

AND NOW THAT THE *BUSINESS DAY* IS OVER, I CAN REALLY GET DOWN TO *BUSINESS*.

FINALLY HAD AN IDEA HOW TO GO ABOUT *SECURING THE EARTH* FROM THIS THREAT FROM *SPACE* EON SAYS IS SUPPOSED TO BE ARRIVING ANY DAY NOW.

AND... ...SO WHAT I WAS THINKING OF IS A *SYSTEMATIC CHECKING* OF ALL ALIENS ALREADY ON EARTH ON THE OFF-CHANCE THAT THIS EXTRATERRESTRIAL THREAT TO YOUR LIFE IS ALREADY HERE.

ANY IDEA HOW TO *PROCEED?*

YES.

BEHOLD THIS, *MENTO-PROJECTION* OF YOUR HOMEWORLD.

THE *POINTS OF LIGHT* INDICATE AREAS WHERE I DETECT *EXTRATERRESTRIAL PRESENCES*.

SEE THAT ONE *THERE?* THAT'S *ME*.

WOW. I DIDN'T REALIZE THERE WERE SO *MANY*.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN THE *DIRE WRAITHS* HAD INFESTED YOUR GLOBE.

DIRE *STRAITS?* NEVER MIND.

SO WHERE DO YOU SUGGEST I *BEGIN?*

IT IS ENTIRELY UP TO *YOU*, MY PROTECTOR.

UH... RIGHT.

ODD. IF EON COULD HAVE TOLD ME WHERE ALL THE E.T.'S ON EARTH WERE ALL ALONG, I WONDER WHY HE WAITED FOR ME TO SUGGEST CHECKING THEM OUT?

IS HE STILL TESTING ME, TRYING TO MAKE SURE I'M WORTHY OF WEARING THESE ENERGY-BENDING QUANTUM-BANDS?

WONDER IF I HADN'T COME UP WITH ANY BETTER PLAN THAN TO SIT AROUND TWIDDLING MY THUMBS WAITING FOR COSMIC EVIL TO STRIKE, IF HE'D'VE GIVEN ME A HINT?

WELL, SLAPPING MYSELF AROUND WON'T GET THE JOB ANY DONER. I'D BETTER CONCENTRATE ON WHERE I'M GOING SO I DON'T GET LOST AND FIND MORE WAYS TO LOOK BAD.

OKAY, I'VE GOT ONE OF MY 14 WRIST-JEWELS ATTUNED TO EARTH'S MAGNETIC NORTH POLE TO GIVE ME MY GENERAL DIRECTION...

I'LL TUNE ANOTHER TO RADIO-WAVES SO I CAN MONITOR RADIO BROADCASTS...

...KANZ, KANSAS CITY, PLAYING YOUR FAVORITE SONGS FROM THE '60'S, '70'S AND TODAY...

AND YET ANOTHER TO THE AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS' FREQUENCY...

FLIGHT 107, THIS IS DENVER. YOU'RE CLEAR TO LAND...

AND WITH ALL THAT INFORMATION PLUS MY EYEBALLS TO GO ON, IF I GET LOST, I OUGHTTA PACK IT IN!

ALL RIGHT! CALIFORNIA IN A LITTLE UNDER TWO HOURS! THAT WAS PRETTY EASY!

I'M PICKIN' UP GOOD VIBRATIONS... SHE'S GIVIN' ME EXCITATIONS...

THE HARD PART IS GOING TO BE SNIFFING OUT AN *ALIEN* WHEN ALL I'VE GOT TO GO ON IS THE *GENERAL VICINITY.*

WHY CAN'T THEY *ALL* BE JUMBO-SIZED *ATTENTION-SEEKERS* LIKE THAT *SUPER-NOVA* WAS?

EON? HOW AM I *DOING?*

YOU ARE WITHIN A *MILE* OF THE FOCAL POINT.

THANKS.

MAYBE ONE OF THE *LOCALS* HAS NOTICED SOMETHING OUT OF THIS WORLD. CAN'T HURT TO *ASK*, I GUESS.

GOOD EVENING, LADIES. THE NAME'S *QUASAR* AND I'M HUNTING *ALIENS FROM SPACE*. SEE ANY?

HUNT

I'M WITH THE *AVENGERS*-- A NEW RECRUIT. YOU PROBABLY HAVEN'T *HEARD* OF ME.

BUT HAVE YOU HEARD OF ANYTHING *OUT OF THE ORDINARY*, A *UFO* SIGHTING, PEOPLE ACTING STRANGELY, ANYTHING LIKE *THAT*?

SORRY, DUDE, I DON'T EVEN WATCH "*ALF*".

WELL, IT WAS JUST A *LONG SHOT*. THANKS FOR YOUR *TIME*, AND HAVE A *GOOD RUN.*

CAN YOU BELIEVE *THAT*?

WE SHOULD'VE ASKED HIM TO TAKE US *FLYING!*

<A GLOWING MAN! CAN HE BE ANOTHER OF *THE ELECT*?>

<I SHALL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE.>

I WISH I COULD PICK UP SOME *OUT-OF-PLACE ENERGY DISCHARGE*. THAT AND A *VISUAL SIGHTING* IS ALL I'VE GOT TO GO ON.

I'LL CIRCLE ABOUT A BIT, AND IF I DON'T COME UP WITH ANYTHING *SOON*, I'LL MOVE ON TO THE *NEXT HOT SPOT*.

A HALF HOUR LATER...

STRUCK OUT ONCE BUT MAYBE HERE FURTHER *UPSTATE*, I'LL GET LUCKY.

WHAT'S *THIS*? A BUNCH OF *NATURE-LOVERS* WATCHING THE SUN SET?

HEY. UNLESS THE *DUSK* IS PLAYING TRICKS WITH MY *SIGHT*, IT LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE FLOCK OF THEM ARE--*FLOATING!*

COULD THIS BE THE-- *WHAT THE--?*

MY QUANTUM-BANDS JUST *TURNED OFF!*

MASTER-- *LOOK!* SOMEONE'S *FALLING!*

EXCUSE ME.

I-I'VE STOPPED *FALLING*--

--BUT MY WRIST-BANDS STILL AREN'T *ON*! *WAIT*! NOW ONE OF THEM IS--!

HEY! THE *BEARD* THREW ME, BUT I THINK I *KNOW* THIS GUY!

AQUARIAN?

DO I *KNOW* YOU, FRIEND?

YES, OF COURSE. FROM *PROJECT: PEGASUS*. YOU'RE *QUASAR*, AREN'T YOU?

THAT'S *RIGHT*, LONG TIME NO SEE, FELLA.

YES. I APOLOGIZE FOR THE *AIR HAZARD*... USUALLY ONLY *BIRDS* FLY LOW ENOUGH TO BE CAUGHT IN MY *NULL-ENERGY FIELD*.

TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF YOUR *PRESENCE*?

OH, JUST CHECKING THE *SCENERY*.

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN *UP TO* THESE PAST FEW YEARS?

I'VE BEEN SHARING THE *TRUE WAY* OF THE DAWNING AGE WITH THOSE WHO SEEK *ENLIGHTENMENT*.

COME, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY CURRENT BAND OF *FOLLOWERS*.

THE AQUARIAN IS A *PACIFIST* FROM WAY BACK. I CAN'T IMAGINE *HIM* POSING ANY THREAT TO EON, BUT IT WOULDN'T HURT TO *DOUBLE-CHECK*...

PEOPLE, I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO AN OLD *FRIEND* OF MINE, QUASAR. HE AND I SAVED THE *WORLD* ONCE A FEW YEARS AGO.

WHAT'S YOUR *SIGN*?

PLEASED TO *MEETCHA*, SON.

PEACE, MAN.

SO WHAT'S THE *GIST* OF YOUR, UH, *MOVEMENT* HERE, AQUARIAN? YOU HADN'T BEGUN IT LAST TIME I SAW YOU.

AS THE WAY-OPENER OF THE *AGE OF AQUARIUS*, I AM PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE *CELESTIAL MESSIAH* BY HELPING MY *WATER-CHILDREN* MASTER THE WAYS OF *NON-VIOLENCE*.

UH... RIGHT.

WOULD *YOU* LIKE TO BECOME A *WATER-CHILD*, QUASAR?

WELL, UM, I'M NOT SURE. I'M AWFUL *BUSY* AND ALL...

WE'D *LOVE* TO HAVE YOU!

<THE ONE IN *WHITE* ALSO FLEW. ARE THESE TWO *ENHANCED NATIVES*... OR MY *BRETHREN*?>

<ONLY ONE WAY TO DETERMINE. *COMBAT*.>

<ENERGIZE!>

<ACTUALIZE!>

<QUANTUMIZE!>

WHAT IN--?

M-M-MASTER--!

MEN FALLIN' LIKE METEORITES! RUN!!!

AN ENERGY-DOME SHOULD--

OH, NO-- I FORGOT. I'M DE-POWERED!

AQUARIAN-- CONTRACT YOUR NULL-FIELD-- QUICK!

BUT--

I'M NOT KIDDING, MAN--DO IT! OR I'LL--I DON'T KNOW WHAT!!!

HNNH. VERY WELL.

ALL RIGHT!

ROCK AND ROLL!

KTHUB KBMP KTHAP

I DON'T RECOGNIZE THESE JOKERS. YOU GOT ANY ENEMIES?

NONE THAT I KNOW OF.

WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'RE STRONG! I HAVEN'T FELT A POUNDING LIKE THIS SINCE THE TIME I WENT UP AGAINST THE THING!

DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH I CAN TAKE!

DON'T BE ALARMED, MY FAITHFUL. THE PACIFISM I TAUGHT YOU IS EASY TO PRACTICE WHEN ONE IS NOT THREATENED.

I SHALL NOW SHOW YOU HOW TO ANSWER VIOLENCE PEACEFULLY.

MASTER--ONE OF THEM GOT THROUGH!

HE JUST SEEMED TO MATERIALIZE THERE!

LET THIS PANDEMONIUM CEASE!

WE'RE FLOATING!

ALL OUR ATTACKERS DISAPPEARED-- BUT ONE!

MASTER--?

AQUARIAN? WHAT'D YOU--?

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, FRIEND? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF YOU AND YOUR FELLOWS' ATTACK?

WE MEAN YOU NO HARM.

WE ARE PEACEFUL SEEKERS OF THE TRUTH.

WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID THE AQUARIAN MAKE ALL THOSE OTHER PURPLE GUYS DISAPPEAR?

< THIS BEARDED MAN-- DEQUANTUMIZED ME! >

[illegible]

DID HE SAY "[illegible]"?

FRIEND, COULD YOU REPEAT WHAT YOU SAID? IT SOUNDED...

...FAMILIARRRRGH!

TERRIFIC. QUARY'S GONE AND GOTTEN HIMSELF *MUGGED*.

DO SOMETHING, QUASAR!

MASTER!

BELIEVE ME, I'D *LIKE* TO--

"--BUT UNTIL YOUR GURU DROPS HIS *NULL-FIELD*, I'M POWERLESS!"

akkk!

<THIS MAN IS *NO WARRIOR*. HE *CANNOT* BE ONE OF MY KIND!>

POWER'S *BACK*!

FIRST UP: CATCH THE *AQUARIAN*!

WHOOPS.

FORGOT HIS NULL-FIELD *AURA* SURROUNDS HIS BODY AT ALL TIMES!

BETTER SEE IF HE'S --*UH-OH*!

WHAT LANGUAGE IS *THAT*--?!?

<I SAID--ARE YOU ONE OF *THE ELECT*?>

PAL, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE *CHATTERING* ABOUT--

--SO *BACK OFF*, EH?

<THE ENERGY-SCREEN AGAIN!>

<HE DOES NOT KNOW THE *LANGUAGE*!>

<AND HIS POWER SEEMS TO EMANATE FROM HIS *BRACELETS* NOT FROM *WITHIN*!>

CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OF WHAT THEY'RE *SAYING*, BUT IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS LIKE NO *EARTHLY LANGUAGE*!>

<HE IS A *NATIVE*--NOT ONE OF THE ELECT!

MAYBE *EON* CAN HELP ME OUT HERE.

SAY, EON, I'M HAVING A *CLOSE ENCOUNTER* HERE WITH A BUNCH OF SUSPECTED *EXTRATERRESTRIALS*. VERY *HUMANOID*. CAUCASIAN LOOKING.

YOU HAPPEN TO RECOGNIZE THEIR *LINGO*?

NOT IMMEDIATELY.

BUT I CAN USE MY COSMIC AWARENESS TO SCAN THE ARCHIVES AT THE *EXOLINGUISTICS CENTER* ON THE PLANET RUS AND SEE IF I CAN *IDENTIFY* IT.

THANKS.

WITH EVERY ONE OF THEIR BLOWS, MY ENERGY-SPHERE *CONTRACTS* ANOTHER INCH!

BETTER DO SOMETHING BEFORE I'M *TRAPPED*!

TAKE A DEEP BREATH--

--CONTRACT--

--NOW RELEASE!!!

HA-HA! I'M OUT!

BUT THE PURPLE PEOPLE ARE STILL ON MY CASE!

TRY TO LEAD THEM AWAY FROM THE AQUARIAN'S PALS'N'GALS...!

LET THEM CATCH UP A BIT--

--THEN LET THEM HAVE IT!

QUASAR? I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO IDENTIFY THAT LANGUAGE YET BUT I HAVE ASCERTAINED YOUR SUBJECT'S IDENTITY.

ACCORDING TO THE AVENGERS' COMPUTER-FILES, YOU'RE FACING A BEING NAMED QUANTUM.

THE AVENGERS FOUGHT HIM?

YES. THEIR DATA INDICATES THAT IT IS *ONE ENTITY* REPLICATING HIMSELF. HE WAS DEFEATED BY A *PROJECTILE* PRODUCING COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF *SMOKE*.

SMOKE? WHY WOULD THAT AFFECT HIM?

IT WAS SPECULATED THAT HE NEEDED *DIRECT SUNLIGHT* TO REPLICATE.

BUT IT'S NIGHT TIME NOW AND HE'S STILL REPLICATING TO BEAT THE *BAND!*

MAYBE THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE *PACIFIC* WILL BLOCK OUT ENOUGH SUNLIGHT TO WEAKEN THEM--UH, *HIM*.

NOPE. THEY'RE AS *NUMEROUS* AND *ENERGETIC* AS EVER!

I'LL TRY THE *OCEAN FLOOR*. IF THEY'RE *STILL* IN HOT PURSUIT, I'M GONNA GIVE UP ON THE OL' *SUNLIGHT-DEPRIVATION THEORY*.

THERE GOES *THAT* THEORY UP IN SMOKE!

WHAT *WAS* IT ABOUT *SMOKE* THAT GOT TO THEM? WISH I COULD WHIP UP SOME OF MY *OWN* TO SEE.

BUT THAT'S *NOT* IN MY WRIST-BANDS' *REPERTOIRE*.

THIS, ON THE OTHER HAND--

--IS...

...FOR ALL THE *GOOD* IT DOES ME.

HOW'D THEY *DO* THAT?

WHOMP

WHUUH!

<I CAUGHT HIM OFF GUARD!>

<HIS ENERGY-FIELD MAY HAVE LESSENED THE IMPACT OF MY BLOW! I MUST CHECK.>

SPLOOSH

<HE APPEARS TO BE UNCONSCIOUS.>

<I DO NOT SEE HIS ENERGY-FIELD. PERHAPS HE NEEDS TO BE CONSCIOUS TO MAINTAIN IT.>

<I WILL REMOVE HIS WRIST-WEAPONS. FATHERWORLD SCIENTISTS MAY WISH TO EXAMINE THEM.>

<EH? THEY SEEM TO BE HELD FAST--!

WHO? THE LANGUAGE--?

<YOU ARE DAKKAMITE. SO AM I.>

<THEN YOU *ARE* ONE OF THE *ELECT*?>

<I DO NOT KNOW. I UNDERWENT GREAT *TRAUMA* COMING HERE.>

<*TELL* ME OF THE ELECT.>

<SEVEN CYCLES AGO, FATHERWORLD SCIENTISTS OBSERVED THAT THERE IS SOMETHING *PECULIAR* TO THIS PLANET'S *SUN'S ENERGY* THAT REACTED WITH *DAKKAMITE PHYSIOLOGY* TO PRODUCE A DAKKAMITE WITH *SUPERHUMAN POWER*.

<REPORTING THEIR OBSERVATION TO DAKKAM'S RULING ELITE, THE SCIENTISTS WERE DIRECTED TO UNDERTAKE AN *EXPERIMENT* TO DETERMINE THE VIABILITY OF ENDOWING OUR *MILITIA* WITH *SIMILAR* CAPACITIES.

<TOWARD THIS END, A PLATOON OF *SOLDIERS*--MYSELF AMONG THEM--WERE *ELECTED* TO SERVE AS *TEST-SUBJECTS*.

<PLACED INSIDE *INCUBATOR CAPSULES*, WE WERE LAUNCHED IN *SOLAR ORBIT* WELL INSIDE THAT OF THIS SYSTEM'S NEAREST PLANETARY BODY.

<IT WAS SPECULATED THAT IF EXPOSURE TO SOLAR ENERGY FROM *93* MILLION MILES AWAY RESULTED IN A *MODICUM* OF SUPERHUMAN POWER, EXPOSURE FROM *30* MILLION MILES AWAY WOULD RESULT IN EVEN *GREATER POWER*.

<AND SO WE CIRCLED THE *FIERY STAR*, SOAKING UP ITS ENERGIZING RAYS. *SENSORS* MONITORED OUR BODIES WAITING FOR SIGNS OF *CELLULAR ENHANCEMENT*.

<WHEN I WAS AWAKENED, COUNTLESS ORBITS LATER, I DISCOVERED MY **STRENGTH** HAD INCREASED A HUNDRED-FOLD. I WAS VIRTUALLY **IMPERVIOUS** TO INJURY--

<--AND I COULD **QUANTUMIZE** MY SPATIAL COORDINATES.

<I ALSO DISCOVERED ALL OF MY FELLOW PLATOON-MEMBERS **GONE**, APPARENTLY HAVING HATCHED BEFORE **I** DID.

<I SEARCHED FOR THEM FRUITLESSLY, FINALLY FLYING STRAIGHT THROUGH THE **SUN ITSELF**. UPON EMERGING--

<--I FELT A **GRAVITY WAVE** FROM **THIS** WORLD. I ANSWERED IT, HOPING IT WAS A BEACON SENT BY ONE OF MY **COMRADES**.

<IT WAS **NOT**. IT WAS THE EARTHMAN NAMED **GRAVITON**, WHO ENLISTED MYSELF AND THE WOMAN NAMED **HALFLIFE** IN HIS WAR AGAINST HIS ENEMIES.

<I WENT ALONG WITH HIM IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS PROMISE OF **ASSISTANCE** IN LOCATING MY FELLOW DAKKAMITES.

<WHEN IT BECAME APPARENT HE COULD **NOT** PROVIDE THE **HELP** HE CLAIMED, I ALLOWED MYSELF TO BE **REPELLED** FROM HIS FLOATING FORTRESS--

<--AND SINCE THEN I HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR SOME SIGN OF THE **ELECT** ON THIS WORLD.>

NNNH? WHAT'S QUARY DOING? **TALKING** TO HIM?

<FROM WHAT YOU HAVE **TOLD** ME...>

<...I CAN TELL **YOU** THAT I AM **NOT** ONE OF THE ELECT YOU SEEK. BUT I **AM** DAKKAMITE.>

<HOW CAN THAT **BE**--? UNLESS-- **NO!** YOU'RE THE SON OF **ZENEG THE RENEGADE!?!>**

I DID NOT **KNOW** MY FATHER. I CAME TO THIS PLANET AS AN **INFANT**.

YES! YOU ARE THE SON OF A **LUNATIC**--A **TRAITOR** TO THE FATHERWORLD! YOU ARE THE **ORIGINAL** DAKKAMITE TO TRANSFORM--THE ONE OUR SCIENTISTS **STUDIED**.

YOU **TRICKED** ME.

WHAT'S GOING **ON**? TALKING PEACEFULLY ONE MOMENT, THE **NEXT**--!

WHILE I WAS FAKING UNCONSCIOUSNESS, I THINK I DOPED OUT HOW QUANTY-BOY'S *POWER* WORKS. HOPE I'M *RIGHT*.

AQUARIAN-- SLOWLY *CONTRACT YOUR NULL-FIELD!*

ﾅ･ﾇ･

GUKK

ALL RIGHT! HE'S *REPLICATING* BUT IT'S *NOT REALLY* REPLICATING, IS IT?

ﾝｰｽ?

NOW IF I CAN JUST RUN UP THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM TILL I FIND HIS BODY'S EXACT *QUANTUM STATE...!*

QUASAR, WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

AN EXPERIMENT IN *QUANTUM PHYSICS*. THE WAY I GOT IT FIGURED, QUANTUM HERE ONLY *LOOKS* LIKE HE'S CREATING *DUPLICATES* OF HIMSELF.

WHAT HE'S *REALLY* DOING IS MATERIALIZING HIS BODY IN VARIOUS *DIFFERENT POSITIONS* WITHIN HIS PROBABILITY FIELD FOR MERE FRACTIONS OF A SECOND EACH.

WHAT I DID WAS USE MY ENERGY TO ALTER THE PROBABILITY FIELD AROUND HIM!

THE RESULT-- BESIDES ONE ANGRY QUANTUM--

--IS THAT I'VE RESOLVED HIM IN BETWEEN TWO *DISCRETE QUANTUM LEVELS*. HE'S *INTANGIBLE*-- AS LONG AS HIS PROBABILITY FIELD REMAINS MESSED UP!

HE'S *NOT* REALLY IN *MULTIPLE PLACES* AT ANY GIVEN INSTANT, BUT THANKS TO PERSISTENCE OF *VISION*, THAT'S WHAT IT *LOOKS* LIKE.

I AM NOT CERTAIN THAT WHAT YOU DID WAS *HUMANE*, MY FRIEND.

WHAT? YOU *KIDDING*?

HE WAS TRYING TO-- WHAT ARE YOU--?

<I AM *SOLID* AGAIN...!>

<WITHIN MY NULL-FIELD... *YES*. I SHUT DOWN BOTH YOUR *OWN* BODY'S RAMPANT ENERGIES AS WELL AS *THOSE* THE HUMAN'S WEAPON HAS *SATURATED* YOU WITH.>

<THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN *REMAIN SOLID* IS BY *STAYING* WITHIN MY FIELD. COME, MY BROTHER, JOIN MY *GROUP*. PERHAPS THE *PACIFIST* CAN TEACH THE *SOLDIER* A NEW WAY TO *LIVE*!>

<*NO*! YOU ARE A *FOOL* AND A *DISGRACE* TO THE FATHERWORLD! *LET ME GO*!>

AND AFTER THE AQUARIAN BRIEFS QUASAR ON QUANTUM'S ORIGIN...

IS THERE ANY WAY FOR HIM TO *REVERSE* THE EFFECTS OF WHAT YOU DID TO HIM WITHOUT *YOUR COOPERATION*?

NOT THAT I *KNOW* OF.

THEN I EXPECT ONE DAY HE WILL BE *BACK*.

<AS YOU *WISH*. I WILL CONTRACT MY *AURA*.>

WELL, THAT MAKES *TWO* EARTHBOUND EXTRATERRESTRIALS I CAN SCRATCH OFF MY "POSSIBLE THREATS TO *EON*" LIST.

STILL A *COUPLE* OF QUESTIONS LEFT UNANSWERED, THOUGH...

...LIKE WHAT *DID* HAPPEN TO THE REST OF QUANTUM'S *POWER PLATOON*...

...AND WILL QUANTUM EVER DECIDE TO TAKE UP THE AQUARIAN'S OFFER OF *FELLOWSHIP* JUST TO GET HIS *REAL BODY* BACK...?

the end.

Last month in this space, we ran the first part of David's and my interview with the star of this book, Quasar. Here's the second half.

—Howard Mackie

HM: After SHIELD, you went to Project: Pegasus, right? Did you see the trade paperback we did of your adventures there?

Q: Uh, no.

HM: David, call Ralph Macchio and ask him if he has a spare copy Quasar could have.

DW: Yessir, massuh.

HM: Do you have any hankering to go back to the Project?

Q: Sure. I hope to drop in for a visit—see who's still around from my tenure there as security chief—soon as I get settled down in my new office, find an apartment, things like that.

DW: I think you should get it out of the way by issue #7.

Q: I'll (ha) bear that in mind.

HM: Where are you living right now?

Q: I'm staying at my father's house in Fairfield, Connecticut. Being able to fly makes the commute into New York a breeze. I hope to find an apartment in the city once I can afford it. Right now scraping up the cash to start my own business isn't leaving me a penny to spare on such frivolities as a place of my own to live!

DW: I have a question. Your name is Wendell Vaughn, right?

Q: Yes, though I hope to keep that from becoming public knowledge, so I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't print it.

HM: No problem.

Q: You want to know how I keep my identity a secret without a mask, huh? Well, for one thing I wear a pair of glasses and comb my hair different in my civvies. For another, I try to keep my energy-aura up when I make public appearances as Quasar so no one gets a clear look at me.

DW: That's not what I was gonna ask, Quaze. I was gonna ask what people call a guy named Wendell for short. You've got kind of an unusual name, no offense.

Q: Oh. Ha. Well, my parents call me by my full name or "Sonner," my sister calls me "Wendy" to get my goat, my friends at SHIELD called me "Wen," and for a while in high school, when I really hated my name, my buddies called me by my middle name, "Elvis."

HM: David, time is limited. Let's only ask him questions our readers will be interested in. Quasar, how about telling us who some of your favorite heroes are.

Q: First and foremost, Captain America. He's incredible, the very definition of a hero. Even with all my cosmic power, I have serious doubts I could beat him at anything. Then there's the Thing. He's great, too. He acts gruff but he's the world's biggest softie. I've got great respect for Colonel Fury, too. I guess those would be my top three.

HM: Have you met any other cosmic heroes?

Q: Well, I had a run-in with Firelord—I don't know if you'd consider an ex-herald of Galactus a hero—sure, why not? He did help us against Super-Nova. Um, that's all I can think of offhand.

HM: Are you curious at all about Captain Mar-Vell, your predecessor as Protector of the Universe?

Q: I'll say. One of the first things I did after being made a provisional Avenger was tap the Avengers files for all they had on Mar-Vell. He seemed like an incredible guy. I wish I'd been able to meet him.

HM: One last question and we'll let you go. If your quantum-bands don't come off, how come no one notices them when you're in your civvies?

Q: I bend light around them so they look invisible.

DW: Wait, I have one last question, too.

HM: It'd better be good.

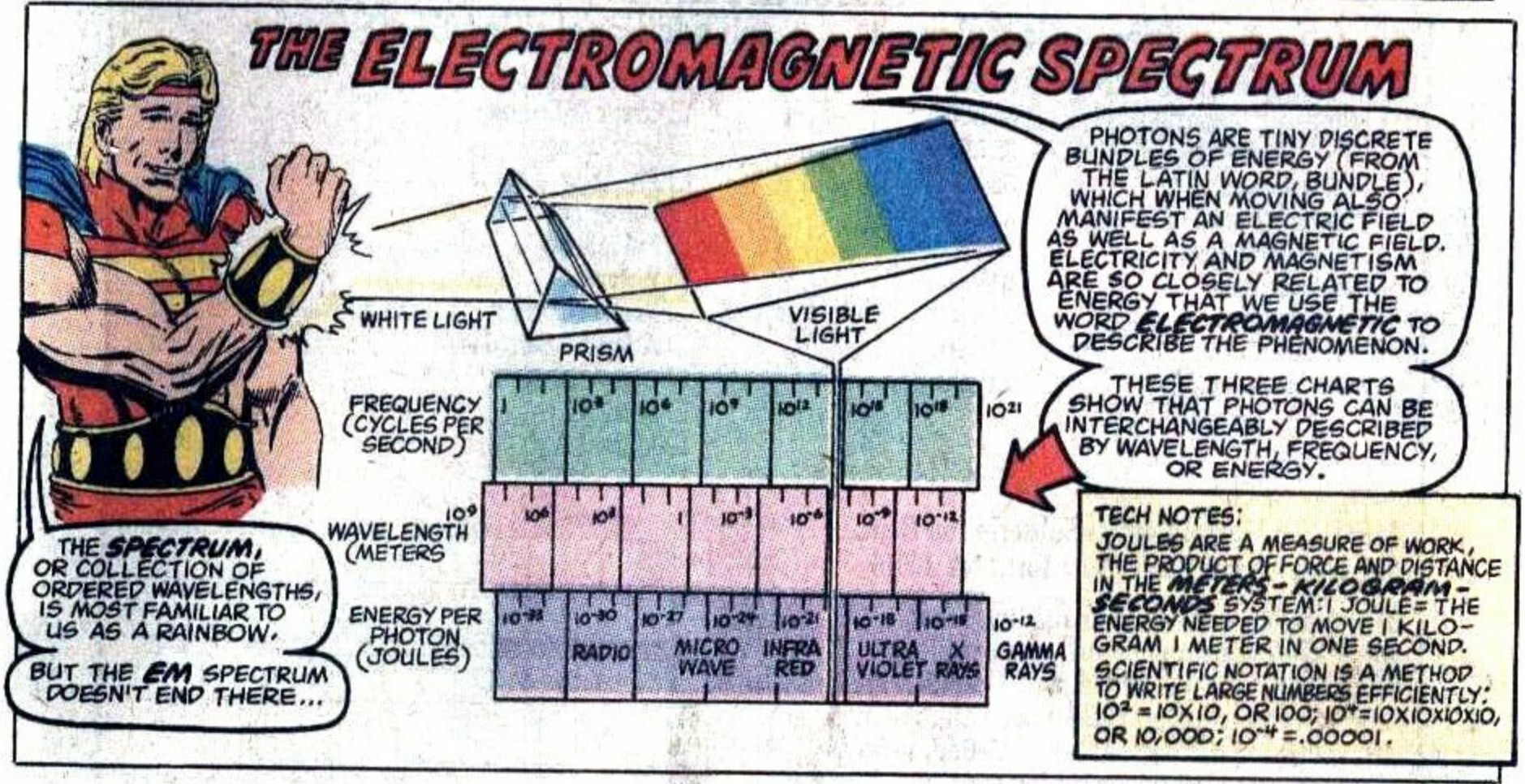
DW: Quaze, what color should we make that funky headband of yours?

Q: Doesn't really matter. I got a drawer full of them—red, blue, black. I put on whichever one seems the least sweaty.

NEXT MONTH: Quasar against one of Thor's most formidable foes, the aggravating Absorbing Man, in an "Acts of Vengeance" crossover! Plus, your reactions to our premiere issue of this title!

NEXT ISSUE...

AND ON SALE NEXT WEEK...


THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM
PHOTONS ARE TINY DISCRETE BUNDLES OF ENERGY (FROM THE LATIN WORD, BUNDLE), WHICH WHEN MOVING ALSO MANIFEST AN ELECTRIC FIELD AS WELL AS A MAGNETIC FIELD. ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM ARE SO CLOSELY RELATED TO ENERGY THAT WE USE THE WORD ELECTROMAGNETIC TO DESCRIBE THE PHENOMENON.
WHITE LIGHT
PRISM
VISIBLE LIGHT
FREQUENCY (CYCLES PER SECOND)
WAVELENGTH (METERS)
ENERGY PER PHOTON (JOULES)
RADIO
MICRO WAVE
INFRA RED
ULTRA VIOLET
X RAYS
GAMMA RAYS
THESE THREE CHARTS SHOW THAT PHOTONS CAN BE INTERCHANGEABLY DESCRIBED BY WAVELENGTH, FREQUENCY, OR ENERGY.
THE SPECTRUM, OR COLLECTION OF ORDERED WAVELENGTHS, IS MOST FAMILIAR TO US AS A RAINBOW.
BUT THE EM SPECTRUM DOESN'T END THERE...
TECH NOTES:
JOULES ARE A MEASURE OF WORK, THE PRODUCT OF FORCE AND DISTANCE IN THE METERS-KILOGRAM-SECONDS SYSTEM: 1 JOULE = THE ENERGY NEEDED TO MOVE 1 KILOGRAM 1 METER IN ONE SECOND.
SCIENTIFIC NOTATION IS A METHOD TO WRITE LARGE NUMBERS EFFICIENTLY: 10² = 10X10, OR 100; 10⁴ = 10X10X10X10, OR 10,000; 10⁻⁴ = .00001.

HOWARD MACKIE, editor ..... DAVID WOHL, assistant editor